

## You can get the Most for Your Money At Sutherland's.

A Carload of No. 1 SHINGLES on Hand

Call In and Get Our Prices

"DIRT CHEAP"  
And  
"YANKEE PRICES."

## THE TOGGERY.

NOW is the Winter of Your Wants in Furnishings  
Made Glorious Summer.

SEE DAVE HE MAKES CLOTHES.

SUITS PRESSED

D. G. HARVIE.

## COME IN

And I will help you to make  
out an estimate of the Lumber  
for the building you intend to  
build. I am certain the price  
will suit and the material is in  
the yard for you to judge as to  
quality.

Wishing You  
A Merry Christmas  
And A  
Happy New Year

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD,  
GEO. BECKER, Prop.



## Ontkes & Armstrong.

General Merchandise and Hardware.

### Clothing

Sheep Lined Coats at Prices Right.  
Warm and Comfortable Gloves, Mitts and Caps.  
Felt Shoes, Overshoes, Moccasins and Wool Sox.

### GROCERIES

Fresh Goods arriving daily. Good Winter Apples,  
Dried Fruits, Smith's Jams, Red Cross Pickles in jar or  
bulk, Salmon and all kinds of canned goods.

### Hardware

A full line of Cook Stoves, Ranges and Parlor Heaters,  
Graniteware, Tinware and Washing Machines.

Call In and Inspect Our Goods and Get Prices.

## NOTICE.

A PUBLIC MEETING of the Ratepayers of the Village of Crossfield will be held in the Bishop's Hall, on Saturday, January 9th, at 7 p. m. o'clock sharp for the purpose of discussing different questions relating to the village for the past year and the present. By Order of the Council,  
Chas. Hultgren,  
Sec.-Treas.

## Nominations for New Council.

A ratepayers meeting was held in Dr. Bishop's hall, on Monday, when the following ten gentlemen were nominated to fill the position of councillors for the ensuing year.  
D. G. Harvie.  
D. Ontkes.  
F. R. Parker.  
M. R. Handley.  
M. Thomas.  
C. McKay.  
Dr. G. A. Bishop.  
P. I. McNally.  
W. B. Edwards.  
M. Hoffman.  
As there are only three Councillors required, an election will be necessary, and this will take place on Monday next from 5 till 10 p. m.  
All ratepayers who have paid their taxes are entitled to vote, and every one who possibly can, should endeavour to do so.

## AIRDRIE.

Watch Airdrie Grow!  
Have you subscribed yet?  
This is a great country.  
Presbyterian services at 3:30 p. m.  
Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.  
If you like this paper and wish to obtain it regularly call in and pay your dollar to have it sent you.

L. P. Kenney, seven miles west of Airdrie is having an Auction Sale on January 20th. Look out for bills.

Church of England service will be held in Glover & MacCormack hall, Airdrie, on Sunday next at 11:30 a. m.  
Rev. Donald McKenzie, of Calgary will preach at the Presbyterian Church Service, Airdrie, on Sunday January 10th at 3:30 p. m. He will also preach at Golden Rod in the morning at 11 o'clock.

The Hockey Match between the Airdrie Juniors and a Calgary Junior team slated for Tuesday last failed to materialize as the Calgary team did not put in an appearance.

## SCHOOL REPORT.

The following is the school report for Banner School District No. 1070 for last month.

Franklin McNeil	213
Emma King	281
George Bales	270
Edna Bales	282
Ted Klaholt	300
Dahlia Smith	301
Archie Ribber	303
Glen McNeil	464
Fred Bales	465
Arthur King	472
Roy Kell	482
Alfred Klaholt	519
Minnie Bales	516
Bertha Kell	566
George Todd	573
Owen Pike	716
George McNeil	495
Wildon Hagg	852
Clarence Harris	973
Frankie Kell	988
Vernon Lowell	1139
Florin Klaholt	1129
Henry King	800

## Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding  
Crossfield and Elsewhere.

Skating Carnival on Tuesday.

Several interesting items crowded out this week.

Remember the citizen's meeting on Saturday night.

Stock Judging School in Crossfield on Jan. 16 and 18. See bills.

If you want to sell your farm for cash, see Hultgren & Davie.

Rooms above butcher shop to rent. Apply G. F. Mitchell, Crossfield.

Have you renewed your subscription yet? If not, do it now.

R. McCool has gone to Calgary to finish his course in stenography.

50 below zero this week and yet Albertans are all smiles for the sun still shines.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Thompson and family left for their future home in Olds last week.

South African Script (320 acres) for sale. Will sell it right. R. L. Royle, Crossfield.

Presbyterian Church Service held in Methodist Church every Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2:30 and a preaching service at 3:30 every Sunday afternoon.

Church of England service will be held in the School-house, Crossfield, on Sunday next at 3:30 p. m.

Rev. D. McKenzie, of Calgary, will preach in Crossfield Presbyterian Church on Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

P. I. McNally, Official Auditor. All books must be properly closed. Otherwise an extra charge will be made.

A few ready to wear Hats to be sold at reduced prices. Children's caps and Bonnets going also.

E. Hall-Brown.

Mr. R. L. Boyle has just purchased the north west quarter of sec. 20, tp 28, range 1 west of the 5th meridian from A. G. Edmonson.

When you want a loan on your farm see Hultgren & Davie. They place it in the best company, quickest return, and only 7 and 8 per cent. interest.

Remember the Auction Sale of Horses, Cattle, Hogs and implements which takes place on L. G. Fisher's farm on Tuesday. J. McCool is the Auctioneer. See Advt.

At the Toggery, where you see Dave, three prizes have been on offer for some weeks past to those who made the largest purchases. The winners were Chas. Hultgren, R. M. Tucker and Geo. Richardson.

The postponed Skating Carnival will be held in Rink here on Tuesday January 12th. Prizes are offered for best costumes worn. A special item on the programme will be a "Potato Race." The band will be present. Skating commences at 8 p. m. Admission 25c.

On New Year's Day Mr. and Mrs. Colling gave a party to a number of their friends around Crossfield. The Older people enjoyed a lengthy chat while the young folks were skating. All speak well of the dinner and the general good time experienced.

C. Dickens, of Calgary the old country watchmaker who has arranged with Mr. E. J. Benton, Barber, to have repairs forwarded has proved himself to be both reliable, competent and conscientious and will give the same satisfaction to Crossfield customers as he does to his Calgary patrons.

## LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per model	\$0.35
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus	.75 c.
Wheat, No. 2, per	.72 c.
Wheat, No. 3, "	.69 c.
Wheat, No. 4, "	.63 c.
Wheat, No. 5, "	.67 c.
Flax	.60 c.
Oats	.24 c.
Barley	.30 c.
Eggs	.30 c.
Butter	lb. .28 c.
Hogs, live weight	\$4.75
Hogs, dressed	\$6.35
Cattle, live weight	lb. 3 c. to 3-4
Cows, live weight	" 2 to 2 1/2

## Fancy Dress Ball.

The Masquerade Ball held on New Year's Eve in Ontkes & Armstrong Hall was a great success and the committee are to be congratulated for their work in connection with it. An excellent supper was provided and during intervals solos were rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Scholefield and a recitation by Mr. Bert Thomas. The Orchestra, consisting of C. E. Brown, piano, Geo. Boyce, cornet, and A. Gilchrist, violin, rendered effective service. The prize winners were decided by vote and were as follows.

Best Ladies' Costumes—  
1. Mrs. W. B. Edwards, Highland Girl.  
2. Mrs. A. Reid, Flower Girl.  
Best Gent's—  
1. E. Gregory, Turk.  
2. C. McKay, Uncle Sam.  
Best Comic—  
1. Bill Ruddy, Old Man.  
2. C. C. Smart, Ruben.

## Columbia Christmas Tree.

On Christmas Eve the school room at Columbia was filled with a happy crowd, the occasion being the first Christmas Entertainment to be held in the new school. The happy expectant faces of the children formed a large part of an attentive audience.

A short programme was given principally by the children the first part consisting of readings, recitations and solos, a few of the older people favouring us with good selections, as, recitation by Mrs. Eastman and Mrs. Bingham and cornet solo by Mr. Bingham.

The second part was perhaps the most interesting as the real meaning of Christmas was brought to the minds of the audience by a simple Cantata entitled "The Joy of the Christmas Morn," given in five parts by the children. Then the Christmas Tree and its usual attendant Santa Claus became the centre of attraction.

The tree looked very pretty, being tastefully decorated while the surrounding decorations of the room formed an appropriate setting.

Santa appeared at this time not in his usual costume, but one quite as suitable for our Western Country, namely a Cowboy. The arrival of his bucking broncho caused quite as much excitement as that of his reindeer, and cowboy Santa was received with applause. He distributed to the delighted children and older people numerous presents in his usual happy style.

The audience as a whole was not forgotten as fruit, nuts and candies were served after the tree was dismantled.

Mr. A. Black, secretary of Sunday School, filled the position of chairman gracefully.

We might add that the true Christmas spirit was quite evident during the evening, tending to impress upon the minds of the people one idea—the real joy of the Christmas time.

## CROSSFIELD

COUNCIL  
Chairman—Dr. G. A. Bishop  
Jno. S. Davis and W. B. Edwards  
Sec. Treas.—Chas. Hultgren  
SCHOOL BOARD TREASURER  
Chairman—Jno. A. McDougall  
P. I. McNally and Chas. Hultgren  
Sec. Treas.—Jno. S. Davis  
BOARD OF TRADE  
President—Dr. G. A. Bishop  
Vice-President—D. R. L. Crimmon  
Secy. Treas.—James Cameron  
CROSSFIELD CREAMERY ASSOCIATION  
President—J. H. O'Neill  
Vice President—Geo. Becker  
Secretary—Chas. Hultgren  
TREAS.—Can. Bank of Commerce  
CHURCHES  
Methodist. Rev. J. H. Johnston  
Presbyterian  
Catholic. Rev. Father Bazin  
English. Mr. Stacey  
AUXILIARIES  
Hultgren & Davie J. McCool  
JUSTICES OF THE PEACE  
Jno. S. Davis  
SOLICITOR, C. Moore, Thursdays  
NOTARY PUBLIC, C. Hultgren  
COMMISSIONER, Jas. Sutherland  
DOCTOR, G. A. Bishop  
DENTIST, Dr. Leco, Thursdays  
VETERINARY SURGEON, J. Hall-Brown  
POST MASTER, J. Sutherland  
ASSURANT, M. S. Sutherland  
Constable—C. E. Brown  
Issuer of Marriage Licences. J. McCool  
BANK, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Jas. Cameron Local Manager





## Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm  
Lands at a Low Rate of  
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest  
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

INSURANCE  
A SPECIALTY.  
TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR  
SALE.

— SEE —  
**D. A. MacCrimmon**  
The Hay and Grain Man.  
**Crossfield.**

## ALBERTA HOTEL,

Good  
Accommodation  
REASONABLE RATES.  
**M. R. HANDLEY, Prop.**

## LETHBRIDGE - COAL -

We have the exclusive agency  
for Lethbridge Gault Coal.  
You cannot buy this high  
class coal from anyone else in  
town.

## Parker The Livery Barn

As McKee &  
Co. are retiring  
from business  
arrange-  
ments have  
been made by  
**CHAS. DICKENS,**  
(From Edinburgh)  
WORKING WATCHMAKER  
333 8th Ave. East, Calgary.  
Just Below The Queens.  
For Watches and Jewelry to be left  
with E. J. Benton, Barber. Parcels are  
sent from Crossfield every Monday and  
Thursday and received back on Tuesday  
and Friday.

## Palace Meat Market

Highest cash price paid for  
Poultry, Veal and Hides.  
We buy hogs, live or dressed  
any time. Delivered when  
ordered.

All Kinds of Fresh and Salt  
Meats kept in Stock

**PALACE MEAT MARKET**  
G. F. Mitchell, Prop

## The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta.  
Editor—J. Mewhort.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1909

### THE FREAKISH WIND.

Planks It Has Played With Smoke,  
Dust and Grain.

During a volcanic eruption in the Hawaiian Islands the smoke rose to a height of between five and six miles and then drifted away to the north-east. At a distance of 600 miles it settled on the surface of the sea and was then carried back by the north-east wind to its place of origin, where it arrived a fortnight after its original departure and covered the entire group of islands with its heavy pall. Not long ago a steamer was on her way along the north African coast from Asia to England and had entered the Galila channel between the island of that name and the coast of Tunis when a fine dust began to darken the air and soon afterward to fall on deck. Some of this dust was collected and subjected to chemical analysis in Europe. Its constituents proved that it had been carried high in the air from the Sahara desert and had finally dropped into the Mediterranean.

More extraordinary still was a dust shower that fell in Hungary some years ago. Analysis showed that this dust was identical with the sediment of the Nile. The dust was believed to have been brought by the wind all the way from Egypt, a pretty long journey for a shower of that description to accomplish.

It must have been a high wind indeed that brought a shower of wheat on one occasion to the villagers in a place on the southern coast of Spain. The wheat fell like rain. There were no many witnesses of the occurrence that it was impossible to doubt that it had appeared. But for some months it could not be accounted for.

There came the other side of the story. It was learned that shortly before this fall of wheat some farmers from the northern coast of Spain had been threshing wheat with flails when suddenly a tornado swept over the ground and carried all the wheat and chaff on the threshing cloth into the air. The cloth was swept away by the storm, and the farmers fell to the ground, but were not injured. When the storm had passed they were horrified at discovering that the result of their labors had totally disappeared. There seemed to be doubt that the wheat that fell in Spain was that which belonged to the Moroccan farmers. It had been blown clear across the Mediterranean.

**Knew What He Was Doing.**  
For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything they could produce "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"'Wad ye takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.  
"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee. "I thought as much," said the shepherd. "I couldna part wi' Jack."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered. "You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee when the purchaser had departed. "I couldna part wi' him," Jack said. "I was back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."

**When Spectacles Were New.**  
In the days when spectacles were introduced the world was not all wise. Glasses became so fashionable that people did not wait until necessity compelled them to adopt the new custom. Whether their eyesight was bad or good, those who would be stylish wore spectacles. In Spain they formed part of the costume of every well dressed person. The object of the wearer in putting on glasses was to increase the gravity of his appearance and render himself more directly imposing. The glasses of spectacles were proportioned in size not to the eyes, but to the rank of the wearer, those worn by the Spanish nobles being as large as one's hand. The Marquis of Astoria, viceroy of Naples, after having had his bust sculptured in marble placed in a public square, was particularly envious of the artist not to forget his beautiful spectacles.

**Water as a Headache Cure.**  
"The best cure I know of for a headache is to wash your face," said a bright-looking man. "Yes," he believed suddenly to cleanse your face with cold water will open up the pores and probably start the blood in circulation, and I know it will relieve you of a headache in a jiffy. I have tried it myself a great many times and have always been successful. There is something in the nature of a stimulant in the cold water treatment that braces me right up. My head when it aches feels like a throbbing, and the water makes it cool and fresh."

## OYSTERS. How They Are Nursed and Reared and Prepared For Market.

Oystermen nowadays are farmers of the deep. They own their own fields and seed them down and cultivate them carefully and watch their crops and reap them off at the proper time. Both men and fish, that otherwise would prey upon them, just as the careful husbandman reaps in his fields. Such an oyster bed as this may comprise a sea covered patch of anywhere from 50 to 300 acres of bottom. It is covered preferably with good, clean sand or broken rock or shell, yet frequently devoid at the start of all natural growth of the oysters.

On the natural beds the oysters spawn tremendously in the first warm months of summer. The spawn attaches itself like millions of freckles to anything affording a foothold—anything sharp, like broken shells, old bottles, other oysters and rocks. With incredible force these freckles expand, becoming "spats"—small finger nail oysters, already housed in walls half an inch high.

Now comes the oysterman, he of the schooner with its two big iron dredges, and he in the skill with his tongue. Both begin to pillage the beds in long, hard days of application. They fetch up tons of baby oysters, pitch back tons and tons of rock or broken shell for the foothold of oysters yet to be and, sailing away to their staked oyster farms, scatter all this "seed" beneath the waves.

Not only are the private oyster beds carefully divided one from another by the best of good stake hedging but each holding is subdivided again into many smaller fields to facilitate the work. This becomes necessary from the fact that the seed must be permitted to grow for fully three seasons before marketable oysters can be harvested. Therefore when, with the advent of September, the season for bivalves has begun the schooners are manned with oystermen proper who go down to dredge out a three-year-old crop for the towns.

The oysters are dredged from the seas just as rapidly as men and machines can fetch them forth. The dredge comes up from the deep like a mining cage of steel. Its cargo upon its arrival is dumped upon the deck, and out it goes for another haul. Meanwhile a crew of furiously working men are busily culling at the heap. Scores of the oysters come up in lumpy sieves, where six, eight, ten or more of the creatures are cemented together by a group of mud and seaweed, which hammers and skillful at the work, give one sharp tap at such an aggregation and the mud and seaweed fall. A false blow might serve to kill many oysters.

Having loaded her decks, the schooner goes home, only to discharge with all possible speed and hasten again to her labors. At the oysterman's the oysters are equally arduous employment is abundant. The oysters are forked like so much coke upon especially constructed racks, which, provided with tanks to submerge them, are lowered at once below the ebb tide level, where they "drain" and fatten for at least three changes of the tide, being watched like nursing babies. The moment they are just exactly right another hurried business is on hand.

The tanks are pumped out, up come the floats, and men descend upon them like rubber booted demons to shove them swiftly to a scow. And now, being absolutely at their finest, they must all be rushed to market.

**Tact.**  
It is told of the youth of a young German prince years ago that on one occasion, his tutor having been changed, the newcomer in examining the young prince said: "Can your highness tell me how much is nine times twelve?"

"Seventy-two," replied the prince, with royal promptness.  
The tutor raved, but soon recovered his equanimity.  
"I must be to state to your highness that your highness' former tutor, whom I have had the honor to succeed as an instructor to your royal highness, appears to have been a person of rather limited capabilities," he said.

**Just What He Needed.**  
An invalid called a physician for advice. The doctor wrote out a prescription, charging the patient 2 guineas for it. Some time afterward they met in the street.  
"Well," said the doctor, "you are looking 100 per cent. better! That medicine, through a little expenditure, was just what you needed."  
"Doctor," replied the patient, "after I had paid you the 2 guineas for the prescription I couldn't afford to have it made up, so I didn't take a single dose."

**The Young Orator.**  
"Halsey is a mighty fine young man," I know," said Uncle Peter Benadon, "and since he's been to college he can make a pretty fair speech. But I wish he'd pitch up and work a year or two before he goes into politics. He 'minds me of a schoolboy who'd pitched up for the presidency I couldn't afford to have it made up, so I didn't take a single dose."

"How's that, uncle?" asked Zachary Mellick.  
"The blamed things wouldn't scratch," said Peter. "They just stood around and peeped their fool selves to death."

## CROSSFIELD LODGE I. O. O. F.

No. 42  
Meets Every Wednesday Night in the  
Ontkes & Armstrong Hall at 7.30 p.m.  
Visiting Brethren Welcome.  
F. W. McLean, Rec. Sec.



**Court Prairie Flower No. 1157**  
Meets the first Saturday and third Monday in the month. Visiting brethren always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.  
Geo. W. Boyce, James Mewhort, C. R. Rec. Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 1006.  
Meets Friday on or before the Full Moon. Visiting brethren always welcome.  
Geo. W. Boyce, A. Wheeler, W. M. Recy.

**C. W. MOORE,**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Carstairs, Alberta  
Will be at Crossfield every Thursday.

**Dr. LARGE,**  
Dentist, Carstairs,  
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield, Every Thursday.  
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE.  
Every Day, Except Wednesday and Thursday.

## Crossfield Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all  
Medical Supplies.

**MERRICK THOMAS.**

## THATCHING.

The Ancient Art in the Low Countries  
and in England.

Once upon a time two amateur botanists were hunting long mosses on Etkemo, on the confines of the land of Lorna Doone. About the hour of luncheon they found that their enthusiasm had led them far afield, a good hour and a half from the farmhouse which they had made their temporary headquarters. The only place which yielded promise of food was a shepherd's shack half a mile distant, so thither they went. That the shack, or, rather, its owner, a small, wiry, dark man with curly hair, could offer nothing better than brown bread, which was woefully "clit," or heavy, and raw onions is neither here nor there. The point was that the roof of the shack was artistically thatched with layers of plaited reeds.

"Feather taught I'd 'way to do un," explained the shepherd, with an upward jerk of his thumb toward the roof. "An' his feather taught 'im more that, an' his feather avore that, an' 'back an' back' twill nobody can think."  
"A hereditary art evidently," said one of the moss hunters to his companion. "But I never saw thatches like these outside of the Low Countries. Safe bet that this fellow is of Dutch descent." Then he said to the man of Devon, "And what is your name, may I ask?"  
"Well," replied the shepherd, "most folk call I Van, but my right name is Henry Van Torp. They do say that my gurt-grandfather were a vintner against England an' were took prisoner an' married a Devon girl an' settled 'ereabout'—he indicated the southward sweep of the moor—"but these be a lot of foolish tales to me think to."—Craftsman.

## Now

Is the Time to get your  
Wagons fixed, Tyres re-set  
and all wood work done at

## JOHN FREW'S

Shoeing Forge.

Price Reduced!

CANADA'S STAMP PAPER

The future price of the North American Collector to be 25c. a year. Size the same and 20 word ad. Free to all subscribers.  
**NORTH AMERICAN COLLECTOR**  
Crossfield, Alberta, Canada.

## BREAD FOR SALE.

\$1 for 13 Tickets.

Rooms 25c. a night.  
Room and Board \$5 per week.  
Meal Ticket \$4 for 21 meals.  
**Y. PARK & CO.**

## SEED FOR SALE.

**OATS AND BARLEY.**  
All thoroughly cleaned, Oats 35c a bushel, barley 40c per bushel. Also feed oats for sale 30c. Apply Martin Amussen, 5 miles N. W. of Crossfield. 44101p

## FOR SALE.

**SHAKESPEARE**  
Ten Volumes; Published in 1825. Write for information to—  
Henry A. Chapman, Box 602, Hart-Hor, Conn.

## Smith.

**COMPETENT BOOT MAKER**  
If it is workmanship, quality and material you desire, then bring your repairs to the right place.  
Any Kind of Boots Made to Order  
Repairs Done While You Wait  
Competition Defied  
Satisfaction guaranteed  
Note address—  
Next Door to Chronicle Office.

## Bids for Breaking 1500 Acres in 1909

BIDS Wanted for the following breaking:—About 150 acres on S.E. 1/4 Sec. 20-25-26 west of 5th, known as the Archie Schindler place, opposite Sunshine School House. About 450 acres on S. 13-29-26 west of 5th, joining C. Bales' place; also about 135 acres on N.W. 1/4 Sec. 13-29-26 west of 5th, known as the Fred Downie place, farmed by C. Bales. About 290 acres half a mile from Crossfield, the old Patmore place, opposite Mr. Orlakers place. Also balance of Sec. 1-29-29 3/4 miles N.E. from Crossfield, west of 4th M., about 500 acres. We will pay up to an estimate of 1/2 for the breaking as it is done, the balance as soon as finished and measured up. Address bids for all or part to—  
**THOMAS AMERY,**  
Sprague, Wash., U. S. A.

## Horseshoeing

I have made arrangements  
to undertake the shoeing of  
horses and am prepared to do  
this work promptly and well.

## Walter Bradley

G. T. JONES—Cattle brand on left ribs. Spills in both ears. 811y





## HUNTERS THREE



ON the nursery wall, with colors gay,  
Three little hunters in gorgeous array  
Were painted for Littleboy;  
Dapper and neat in their hunting suits,  
With crops in hand and with hunting boots,  
They smiled on Littleboy.

One day he looked in great surprise—  
Did Littleboy—and he rubbed his eyes.

For a hunter had actually winked!  
"We're going, my lad, to the hunt this night;  
Be sure not to miss such a thrilling sight,"  
Said the hunter who merrily winked.

True to the word of the one with the wink,  
The hunters DID drop from the wall, and slink  
Out the window at dark;  
And as Littleboy gazed, away they flew

On we, painter's horses dappled with blue,  
And were lost in the park.

The hounds sounded, the hounds gave tongue,  
And to Reynard's trail the hunters clung  
As he sped quick away;  
Yet at morn, when Littleboy looked at the wall,

It appeared the hunters had moved  
Not at all—  
They seemed painted to stay!

## The Witches Gift

BILLY's heels drummed vigorously upon the low box on which he sat, the white staring thoughtfully at the Jones. It was too busy shelling corn to observe his friend's intent look, but, as though in answer to Billy's unspoken question, he finally said:

"I really don't know what our 'Bloody Robbers' 'll do tomorrow in the way of Hallowe'en stunts. Seems to me we've tackled 'bout everything, and we ought to do something that scares people something entirely new."

"The best way to surprise people would be to have out our tricks," replied Billy. "Why, it's a fact that old Mother Jones is so afraid of our cutting up a racket 'round her place that she's gone out o' town on a visit."

Laborers and men employed about the railroad were tempted, too.  
Billy and the were gratified to see, late in the afternoon of the following day, that a great heap of coal now lay underneath the sauceman. Truly, the target had drawn many shots.

Juliant over the success of their plan, they decided to help Mother Jones still more. As was customary on this day, vegetables disappeared in considerable quantities from the farms in the outlying country. But this night, instead of serving the usual purpose of ammunition for battering garden doors and windpans, the choicest of the vegetables were stowed away in an old basket and placed upon Mother Jones' doorstep.



WHEN THE OLD WOMAN CAME HOME

She laughed. "We'll miss her lots, too," said he. "Member how she came out and scolded us last year when we threw corn at her windows? But I say, it's really a shame for that, the old woman like we do. She's as poor as a mouse, you know, an' has an awful hard time to get along; and I guess that's what makes her so cross and crabby."

"Why can't we do something to help the old soul?" was Billy's query.  
They were rapt in thought for several moments. Suddenly Billy leaped to his feet, and, followed by the, dashed from the porch, shouting:

"I've got it! I know of a dandy thing to do!"  
Mother Jones' home was a tumble-down cottage which stood not far from the railroad tracks. There was a large front porch, where there was a great deal of shifting of freight and coal cars. To this place Billy and his crew repaired. When he studied him- self that the old woman had gone he nailed an old rusty sauceman to the side of the cottage. Then he and the climbed up the bank to the railroad tracks, where they picked up pieces of coal and proceeded to use the sauceman as a target.

Soon other "fellows" came along. They also indulged in the sport, deeming it great fun to try their marksmanship.

When the old woman came home the next day she could hardly believe her eyes. She had hoped against hope that "those wicked line of youngsters" would not do a great deal of harm. And here they had done her a really great service! Tears stood in her eyes as she inspected the gifts made her, and ever afterward no member of the "Bloody Robbers" passed by without receiving a cordial greeting from her.

Of course, the boys were greatly pleased, although they pretended to think it a matter of little consequence. Just to hide his real feelings, the remarked:

"We're makin' so many friends among our old enemies that after while we'll have nobody at all to plague an' tease." But he didn't mean it, any more than did the others who apparently agreed to have a cowcatcher on in front of their car.

Had a Cowcatcher.  
While at the park Dot had been given a ride on the elephant.  
"Oh, mother," she exclaimed upon her return home, "I rode on the animal that has a cowcatcher on in front of its car!"

Still Warm.  
After watching a turkey gobbler for a target, mamma, the old gobbler had his fan up for half an hour, and his face looks just as red as ever!

## Cured by a Donkey

A CERTAIN man who lived in a town of Italy was dangerously ill. As time wore on and the many celebrated physicians who were called in failed to cure him, the man became greatly discouraged.

One day the physician in attendance halted his splendidly groomed mule in the courtyard, studying disquietedly with great dignity made his way slowly upstairs to where the invalid lay.

A famous doctor was he—one of the most noted in the land—and he had the greatest of confidence in his own wisdom.

Perhaps association with such a master had given the mule confidence, also a will of his own. Becoming weary of standing in the warm sun, the animal calmly walked through the doorway and made his way up the flight of steps.

Following the course taken by his master, he finally gained entrance to the door of the sick man. Right into the room he walked, up to the bed of the man, and there, standing beside the physician, he assumed such a wise look as could not have been surpassed by the doctor himself.

One moment the astounded patient gazed. Then, overcome with the humor of the situation, he burst into a loud

laugh. In fact, so great was his merriment that he roared. At last, having ceased because of sheer exhaustion, he gazed to the indignant physician.

"Most learned doctor, the donkey is a much better physician than thou, for he has done in one visit what thou hast been unable to accomplish in three months. He has restored my spirits so that already I feel much better!"

Indeed, such good effect had the donkey's visit that the man, who had been lying in bed for three months, had recovered from his grave sickness. But as he paid the unusually large fee demanded by the physician, the man said to himself that it was the donkey, not the master, who deserved the money.

## New Babies at the London Zoo



BABY CAMEL AND THE CARACAL CAT

"SO THIS is the new baby, is it?" cried Mr. Twittering Sparrow.  
Mrs. Caracal looked fondly upon the little cub nestling beside her. Then her eyes gleamed wickedly as she glanced at the sparrow.

"You're thinking what a fine meal I would make, aren't you?" calmly observed the sparrow. "But I'm going to tell you that if you wait until you catch me you'll go a long time without eating. In fact, your baby will be full grown before that time."

And what a fine fellow he will be! cried Mrs. Caracal, forgetting her spite against the sparrow. "I can just see him now, with his long slender limbs, beautifully tufted ears, and a tail maybe ten inches in length. I had beautiful ears, you know, in Persia, where, as you captured, they called me 'Bab'—the word meaning 'little ear'."

And my coat then was much prettier than it is now. A delicate fawn color it was, with white underneath, just as pretty as baby's here.

"Oh, baby will soon be grown. Then I hope he'll be able to hunt you, as my relatives, and I hunted gazelles, hares and birds of all kinds in far-off India and Africa and Arabia. Why, I remember I would leap as high as six feet in the air to catch little creatures like you."

"What a bloodthirsty animal you are!" Mr. Twittering Sparrow laughed good-naturedly, as he continued.

"By the way, there's a new baby in the Zoo. And the mother came from near your native land."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Caracal, impulsively.  
"Mrs. Camel," the sparrow replied. "The baby is a white little thing that

looks as though it would be as vicious and stupid as its mother—and that's saying a whole lot. Camels are the stupidest things that ever happened. The little camel has already been named 'Frederick'. It has a callous made all over its chest and ankles and knees, so that it may kneel without discomfort."

"Mrs. Camel is as proud as proud can be, because it's a white camel. You know, camels are white, gray, brown and black. The black ones are much despised by the Arabians. When the baby's grown he'll be ever so much bigger than your child. Indeed, he ought to stand at least seven feet in height. And his mother is sure he'll have a splendid hump, though the hump depends altogether on the richness of the food. On the desert, during the dry season, when food is scarce, the hump shrinks until it almost disappears."

"The old lady talked so much about her baby that I grew tired. She told me that when a baby is born on the desert it is swung in a net upon the back of a full-grown camel. Then she began to brag about the value of her kind of camel, which is found in Africa, in Asia, Persia and Arabia. She says that people utilize the milk, flesh, hair and even the bones of the animals. But she's no better than the two-humped camel. And they're all stupid, as I said before."

"But, good-bye! I'm off to chat with the elephant!"  
Mrs. Caracal followed the sparrow with her eyes as the cheerful little fellow flew away. And she told herself how much nicer her baby must be than the horrid little camel. Strange to say, Mrs. Caracal had at the moment been thinking how much nicer her baby was than the camel. At the Zoo, but, as the pictures show, they're both very cunning.

## Wilhelm of Prussia

ON THE day of July 4, 1896, there was great excitement in the handsome marble palace of Potsdam, Germany. This was because a baby boy had just been born. He probably looked little different from thousands of other babies, although people were quick to say he much resembled Kaiser William. But this was natural, inasmuch as the tiny

astride his very first pony. Doubtless he rides as well as did his father, Crown Prince Frederick William, or his mother, Princess Cecilia, when they were little—and they rode exceedingly well.

Princes haven't an easy time of it, you know. When William was 6 years old he began the study of foreign languages; he had daily drills



PRINCE WILLIAM'S FIRST PONY

baby boy was the grandson of the ruler of Germany. Later you would have known he was a prince had you heard his name—William Frederick Francis Joseph Christian Olaf. To save a lot of time, however, people usually spoke of him as Prince William or Wilhelm.

Long before now the royal prince has been able to come out from his white palace, which stands by a pretty lake, and play about the grounds. You see him in the picture

and military exercises and was taught horsemanship. At 10 years it was his privilege to walk beside the regimental grenadiers of the guard. I think he must attend a military cadet school, and will be under the strictest discipline, like any other young army officer until he is 18.

William now has a little brother, Crown Prince Louis Ferdinand, but he is probably too busy to spend much time with the baby.

# AUCTION SALE.

## HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS, AND IMPLEMENTS

The Undersigned has received instructions to sell by Public Auction for L. G. Fisher on his farm Four and a half miles N.E. of Crossfield, the S. W. qu. of 12-29-29, On

### Tuesday, January 12th,

The Following:

~~Pair bay mares 5 and 6-yr. old~~

Black Mare, 5 years old

Steel grey mare, 3 years old

Colt, 6 months old

Pair yearling fillies.

2 Good Milch Cows

3 Cows

4 Calves

5 2-yr. old Heifers

9 Yearling „

25 Head of Hogs

J. Deere sulky plow complete

15 A Ideal Feed Grinder

Chatham Scales, 2000 lb.

Diamond Tooth Harrow

Set Work Harness

Free Lunch at Noon.

Sale to Commence at One O'clock Sharp.

TERMS--All sums of \$20 or under cash. Over that amount 10 months credit will be allowed on furnishing approved joint notes bearing interest at 8 per cent. 5 per cent. discount for cash on all credit Amounts.

L. G. Fisher,

Owner

J. McCool,

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Tickets on sale December 1, 2, 3, 17,  
18, 19, 1908. January 4, 5, 6, 21, 22, 23,  
and 24, 1909, good to return within  
three months.

J. E. PROCTOR,  
Dist. Pass. Agent, Calgary.

\$5 REWARD.

ESTRAY. — Bay gelding with white  
star in forehead; weight about 1000  
lbs. branded RB on left shoulder. Re-  
ward \$5. Horse is believed to be east  
of town.

R. L. BOYLE

## TRACING POISON.

The Power of Analysis of the Modern  
Chemist.

The ancients had no knowledge of  
poisonous, and evidence points to  
the fact that most of their renowned  
poisoners was achieved by the sim-  
plest means. We know that powder-  
ed glass was used with dire effect.  
Arsenic undoubtedly was a prime  
favorite with wicked Italians and  
French court ladies. It should be  
remembered that until the second  
quarter of the nineteenth century  
arsenic could not be identified with  
certainty in the body of one who died  
from it. Now it is the most easily  
recognized of all poisons.

Taffania, the notorious Italian fe-  
male poisoner, used arsenic. She  
gained large sums of money by the  
sale of mysterious preparations which  
were merely solutions of arsenic acid.  
These were sold in small vials bear-  
ing the image of a saint.

To detect the presence of poison an  
analytical chemist may spend many  
days with test tube, watch glass, re-  
agent and microscope. Even if death  
has been caused by a poison whose  
mere smell has been fatal, truth will  
out, and there is more than one poi-  
son of this subtle kind. For instance  
oil of almonds—which is used for  
making toilet soaps and also for  
increasing the scent of lavender—if  
inhaled sufficiently causes death by  
nitrobenzole poisoning.

But the cause can be unerringly  
ascertained in a postmortem exami-  
nation. And less certain of detection  
are poisons injected by hypodermic  
syringes.

Extraordinary is the power of anal-  
ysis that modern science has placed  
in the hands of the chemist, and few  
subjects are more interesting than  
the processes he employs. In the  
silence and secrecy of the labora-  
tory many a dramatic experiment is  
worked out.

Take Marsh's famous test. Hydro-  
gen is generated in a flask and the  
suspected liquid poured in. If ar-  
senic be there the hydrogen seizes on  
it and forms a gas that will burn.  
Now watch the analyst as he holds  
a clean porcelain dish against the  
flame for a moment. If a brown spot  
appears in the middle, that is poison,  
arsenic or antimony; if close to the  
flame and on both sides of it—a  
notched spot—it is antimony; if de-  
posited at a little distance from the  
flame it is arsenic.

Again, chloride of lime dissolves  
the stain of arsenic, but not that of  
antimony. On the other hand, pro-  
chloride of tin dissolves the anti-  
mony, but not the arsenic. Mistake  
is impossible. And there are scores  
of similarly unfailing, precise ex-  
periments.

## Hadn't Seen One Before.

Many, many, many years ago Lot  
Lee was a telegraph operator in the  
old Union station office, says the In-  
dianapolis News. Lee was a hot op-  
erator and had the reputation of get-  
ting messages off in quick time.  
One night a woman came in with  
a rush message for Connersville, Ind.  
she wrote it out and handed it to  
Lee. The latter checked it up, re-  
ceived the money, called Conners-  
ville, sent the message and placed  
it in a drawer with the "sent" busi-  
ness.

The woman hung around, eyed Lee  
as if she thought he was shirking his  
duty, not suspecting that her message  
had gone, and finally said:  
"Would you mind looking in the  
drawer there to see if the message  
has gone. It's very important."

## Full of Words.

A dandy preacher of Mobile, never  
at a loss for words, was once com-  
mending to his congregation one of  
the organs of the church, and, ac-  
cording to an Alabama politician,  
this is how he did it:

"The missionary bulletins of this  
church needs subscribers. It is young  
and unfinancial, but through the  
instrumentality of backbone and grit  
it will become an ideal. It was sub-  
jected into existence out of purely in-  
nocent contemplation of moral and re-  
ligious good, which would in all prob-  
ability result from carefully agitated  
principles of righteousness. The  
bulletin will be observed mingling  
in social convolutions to furnish  
society with sheaves of harvest of  
those reasonable products common  
to social contingencies. The tone of  
the whole will be missionary work."

## Jas. McCool

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